

THE MAN ON THE BOX

By HAROLD MacGRATH
Author of "The Gray Clerk," "The Puppet Queen"

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"I have not always been a groom, it is true, Madam. My past I prefer to



"IS YOUR NAME OSBORNE?"

leave in obscurity. There is nothing in that past, however, of which I need be ashamed; and unconsciously his figure became more erect.

"Is your name Osborne?"

"No, Madam, it is not. For my family's sake, I have tried to forget my own name." (I'll wager the rascal never felt a quail in the region of his conscience.)

It was the truth which was not truth that won his battle.

"You were doubtless discharged last night?"

"I did not return to ascertain, madam. I merely sent for my belongings."

"You have recommendations?"—presently.

"I have no recommendations whatever, Madam. If you employ me, it must be done on your own responsibility and trust in human nature. I can only say, Madam, that I am honest, that I am willing, that I possess a thorough knowledge of horse-flesh."

"It is very unusual," she said, searching him to the very heart with her deep blue eyes. "For all I know you may be the greatest rascal, or you may be the honestest man, in the world." His smile was so frank and engaging that she was forced to smile herself. But she thought of something, and frowned. "If you have told me the truth, so much the better; for I can easily verify all you have told me. I will give you a week's trial. After all,—indifferently,—what I desire is a capable servant. You will have to put up with a good deal. There are days when I am not at all amiable, and on these days I do not like to find a speck of dust on the metals or a blanket that has not been thoroughly brushed. As for the animals, they must always shine like satin. This last is unconditional. Besides all this our force of servants is small. Do you know anything about serving?"

"Very little." What was coming now?

"The chef will coach you. I enter tain some, and there will be time when you will be called upon to wait on the table. Come with me and I will show you the horses. We have only five, but my father takes great pride in them. They are all thoroughbreds."

"Like their mistress," was Warburton's mental supplementary.

"Father hasn't ridden for years however. The groom I discharged this morning was capable enough on the box, but he was worse than useless to me in my morning rides. I ride from nine till eleven, even Sundays some times. Remain here till I return."

As she disappeared Warburton drew in an exceedingly long breath and released it slowly. Heaven, what an ordeal! He drew the back of his hand across his forehead and found it moist. Not a word about the fine; he must broach it and thank her. Ah, to ride with her every morning, to adjust her stirrup, to obey every command to which she might give voice, to feel her small boot repulse his palm as she mounted; Heaven could hold nothing greater than this. And how easily a woman may be imposed upon! Decidedly, Mr. Robert was violently in love.

When she returned there was a sun-bonnet on her head, and she had pinned the poppies on her breast. (Why? I couldn't tell you, unless when all is said and done, be he king or valet, a man is always a man; and if perchance he is blessed with good looks, a little more than a man. You will understand that in this instance I am trying to view things through a woman's eyes.) With a nod she bade him precede her and they went out toward the stables. She noted the flat back, the square shoulders, the easy, graceful swing of the legs.

"Have you been a soldier?" she asked suddenly.

He wheeled. His astonishment could not be disguised quickly enough to escape her vigilant eyes. Once more he had recourse to the truth.

"Yes, Madam. It was as a trooper that I learned horsemanship."

"What regiment?"

"I prefer not to say,"—quietly.

"I do not like mysteries,"—briefly.

"Madam, you have only to dismiss me, to permit me to thank you for paying my fine and to reimburse you at the earliest opportunity."

She closed her lips tightly. No one but herself knew what had been on the verge of passing across them.

"Let us proceed to the stables," was all she said. "If you prove yourself a capable horseman, that is all I desire."

The stable-boy slid back the door and the two entered. Warburton glanced quickly about; all was neatness. There was light and ventilation, too, and the box-stalls were roomy. The girl stopped before a handsome bay mare which whinnied when it saw her. She laid her cheek against the animal's nose and talked that soft jargon so embarrassing to man and so intelligible to babies and pet animals. Lucky horse! he thought! but his face expressed nothing.

"This is Jane, my own horse, and there are few living things I love so well. Remember this. She is a thoroughbred, a first class hunter; and I have done more than five feet on her at home."

She moved on, Warburton following soberly and thoughtfully. There was a good deal to think of just now. The more he saw of this girl, the less he understood her purpose in hiring him. She couldn't possibly know anything about him, who or what he was. With his beard gone he defied her to recognize in him the man who traveled across the Atlantic with her. A high-bred woman, such as she was, would scarcely harbor any kind of feelings toward a man who had acted as he was acting. If any man had kissed Nancy the way he had kissed her, he would have broken every bone in his body or hired some one to do it. And she had paid his fine at the police-station and had hired him on probation!

Truly he was in the woods and there wasn't a sign of a blazed trail. (It will be seen that my hero hadn't had much experience with women. She knew nothing of him whatever. She was simply curious and brave enough to attempt to have this curiosity gratified. Of course, I do not venture to say that, had he been coarse in appearance, she would have had anything to do with him.)

"This is Dick, my father's horse,"—nodding toward a sorrel, large and well-set-up. "He will be your mount. The animal in the next stall is Pirate."

Pirate was the handsomest black gelding Warburton had ever laid eyes on.

"What a beauty!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, forgetting that grooms should be utterly without enthusiasm. He reached out his hand to pat the black nose, when a warning cry restrained him. Pirate's ears lay flat.

"Take care! He is a bad-tempered animal. No one rides him and we keep him only to exhibit at the shows. Only half a dozen have ridden him with any success. He won't take a curb in his mouth and he always runs away. It takes a very strong man to hold him in. I really don't believe that he's vicious, only terribly mischievous, like a bullying boy."

"I should like to ride him."

The girl looked at her new groom in a manner which expressed frank astonishment. Was he in earnest, or was it mere bravado? An idea came to her, a mischievous idea.

"If you can sit on Pirate's back for ten minutes there will not be any question of probation. I promise to engage you on the spot, recommendation or no recommendation." Would he back down?

"Where are the saddles, Madam?" he asked calmly, though his blood moved faster.

"On the pegs behind you,"—becoming interested. "Do you really intend to ride him?"

"With your permission."

"I warn you that the risk you are running is great."

"I am not afraid of Pirate, Madam," in a tone which implied that he was not afraid of any horse living. The spirit of antagonism rose up in him, that spirit of antagonism of the human against the animal, that eternal ambition of the one to master the other. And besides, I'm not sure that James didn't want to show off before the girl—another very human trait in mankind. For my part, I wouldn't give yesterday's rose for a man who wouldn't show off once in a while, when his best girl is around and looking on."

"On your head be it, then"—a sudden nervousness seizing her. Yet she was as eager to witness the encounter as he was to court it. "William!" she called. The stable-boy entered, setting aside his broom. "This is James, the new groom. Help him to saddle Pirate."

"Saddle Pirate, Miss Annesley!" cried the boy, his mouth open and his eyes wide.

"You see?" said the girl to Warburton.

"Take down that saddle with the hooded stirrups," said Warburton, briefly. He would ride Pirate now, even if Pirate had been sired in Beelzebub's stables. He carefully inspected the saddle, the stirrup-straps and the girth.

"Very good, indeed. Buckles on saddles are always a hidden menace and a constant danger. Now, bring out Pirate, William."

William brought out the horse, who snorted when he saw the saddle on the floor and the curb on Warburton's arm.

"There hasn't been anybody on his

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

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back for a year, sir, not since last winter. He's likely to give you trouble," said the boy. "You can't put that curb on him, sir; he won't stand for it a moment. Miss Annesley, hadn't you better step outside? He may start to kicking." That heavy English snaffle is the best thing I know of. Try that, sir. And don't let him get his head down, or he'll do you. Whoa!" as Pirate suddenly took it into his head to leave the barn without any one's permission.

The girl sprang lightly into one of the empty stalls and waited. She was greatly excited, and the color in her cheeks was not borrowed from the poppies. She saw the new groom take Pirate by the forelock, and, quicker than words can tell, Mr. Pirate was angrily clamping the cold bit. He reared. Warburton caught him by the nose and the neck. Pirate came down, trembling with rage.

"Here boy, catch him here," cried Warburton. William knew his business, and he grasped the bridle close under Pirate's jaws. "That's it. Now hold him."

Warburton picked up the saddle and threw it over Pirate's glossy back. Pirate waltzed from side to side and shook his head wickedly. But the man that was to mount him knew all these signs. Swiftly he gathered up the end of the belly-band strap and ran it through the iron ring. In and out he threaded it, drawing it tighter and tighter. He leaped into the saddle and adjusted the stirrups, then dismounted.

"I'll take him now, William," said James smiling.

"All right, sir," said William, glad enough to be relieved of all further responsibility.

James led Pirate into the small court and waited for Miss Annesley, who appeared in the doorway presently.

"James, I regret that I urged you to ride him. You will be hurt," she said. Her worry was plainly visible on her face.

James smiled his pleasantest and touched his hat.

"Very well, then; I have warned you. If he bolts, head him for a tree. That's the only way to stop him."

James shortened the bridle-rein to the required length, took a firm grip on Pirate's mane, and vaulted into the saddle. Pirate stood perfectly still. He shook his head, James talked to him and patted his sleek neck, and touched him gently with his heel. Then things livened up a bit. Pirate waited, reared and plunged and started to do the pas seul on the flower-beds. Then he immediately changed his mind. He decided to re-enter the stables.

"Don't let him get his head down!" yelled William, nimble jumping over a bed of poppies and taking his position beside his mistress.

"The gates, William! The gates!" cried the girl, excitedly. "Only one is open. He will not be able to get through."

William scampered down the driveway and swung back the iron barrier. None too soon! Like a black shadow, Pirate flashed by, his rider's new derby rolling in the dust.

The girl stood in the doorway, her hands pressed against her heart. She was as white as the clouds that sailed overhead.

CHAPTER X. PIRATE.

On the opposite side of the road there was a stone wall about five feet in height; beyond this was a broad, rolling field and farther on a barbed wire fence and a boggy stream which oozed its way down toward the Potomac. Far away across the valley the wooded hills were dying and withering and thinning, with splashes of yellow and red. A flock of birds speckled the fleecy October clouds, and a mild breeze sent the grasses shivering.

(To Be Continued.)

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S-X YEARS

GIVEN NEGRO FOUND IN BOX CAR OF LACES.

Caldwell County Jury Decided That Officer Kirk's Prisoner Was Guilty.

Redge Pierce, the negro who was found by Special Officer Patrick Kirk, of the Illinois Central, several weeks ago in an Illinois Central box car sleeping among several hundred dollars worth of fine lace and dry goods, was given six years in the penitentiary Saturday at Princeton in the Caldwell circuit court.

The negro was one of the two who had been breaking box cars and stealing from them for several days. The partner was arrested at Henderson and has not been tried yet. Officer Kirk was in Princeton as a witness and has returned.

The car was entered in Caldwell county, necessitating trial at Princeton.

An Ordinance Entitled An Ordinance Repealing the License of Milk Dealers in the City of Paducah, Kentucky:

Be it ordained by the General Council of the City of Paducah, Kentucky:

Whereas, On January 16, 1906, an ordinance fixing and regulating the license of various lines of business, callings, vocations and professions in the city of Paducah, Kentucky, was passed by the board of councilmen, and adopted by the board of aldermen on January 19, 1906, and said ordinance was approved on January 20, 1906, by O. B. Starks, mayor pro tem, in which Section 112 of said ordinance is as follows:

"Milk Dealers—Every person, firm, company or corporation engaged in the business of milk dealers, in the city of Paducah, using a vehicle, or vehicles in connection with said business, for hire, profit or gain, shall pay an annual license of five (\$5.00) dollars."

Section 1. That this Section is hereby repealed absolutely, and all ordinances licensing milk dealers, in the city of Paducah, are hereby repealed absolutely.

Section 2. That this ordinance shall take effect from and after its passage and approval.

Adopted June 4, 1906.

GEO. O. MBROOM, President Board of Councilman.

Adopted June 7, 1906.

O. B. STARKS, President Board of Aldermen.

Attest—June 7, 1906.

HENRY BAILEY, City Clerk.

Approved June 7, 1906.

D. A. YEISER, Mayor.

Low Rates to the Home Coming.

On account of the home coming for Kentuckians, Louisville, Ky., the Southern railway will sell tickets from all of its stations to Louisville at rate of one first-class fare plus 25 cents for the round trip on June 10, 11, 12 and 13, with return limit of June 23, 1906. An extension of this limit may be obtained to leave Louisville not later than thirty days from date of sale, by depositing ticket with the joint agent and making payment of fifty cent fee.

An elaborate program has been arranged and the occasion will prove an exceedingly interesting one to all Kentuckians. A number of special trains have been arranged for from St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Texas and other points in the west, southwest and southeast and a large number of ex-Kentuckians will return to their native state to visit old friends and relatives. Home coming will be held at a number of points throughout the state. In order to enable those who desire to attend these celebrations, tickets will be sold from Louisville to points in Kentucky on June 16, 17 and 18, to original purchasers of round trip tickets to Louisville account of the home coming, at rate of one first-class fare plus twenty-five cents round trip, minimum fifty cents, with return limit of July 23, 1906.

For schedules and additional information call on any agent of the Southern Railway or

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Red Men's Election.

The Red Men will hold election of officers on Friday night, June 29. The office of secretary is not open, but all other offices will be filled at this meeting. There is talk of inaugurating another membership contest, and this matter will also be decided at this meeting.

"I've half a mind to write a magazine sonnet," "Go ahead—that's just what is takes."—Cleveland Leader.

(Daily Except Sunday.)
Steamers Joe Fowler and John S. Hopkins, leave Paducah for Evansville and way landings at 11 a. m. Special excursion rate now in effect from Paducah to Evansville and return, \$4.00. Elegant music on the boat. Table unsurpassed.

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